

The Fall of Darkness

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Summary: A short, twisted, and very metaphorical story about the Dark Arts and its opposite. . .

The Fall of Darkness

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>I don't own the characters from the Harry Potter series, J.K. Rowling does. So don't sue me. This is rated PG-13 for darkness and some violence.<hr>

Night conceived the darkness that flowed through his veins. That is why he embraced the setting of the sun as others celebrated its ascent. Night was his mother, his succorer, his companion under the moon and a promise to anticipate under the cruelty of the sun. Night and her darkness beat in his heart. And night is cold.

He had been betrothed to her ever since his birth on the strike of a midnight so black the stars did not even shine. The Dark Arts were his calling and his birthright, and he had pursued them with devoted zeal. Even if he had not been born into darkness, he would have turned anyway...the siren song of night could not be ignored. Her benediction could not be refused. And so he had followed her down a path strewn with blood and death. Once he had felt guilt when he murdered. Sometimes he still did. But night's sweet whisper always triumphed in the end. What is death to a person who only gains from it? Power, more power than he ever could have comprehended.... He was a god to so many people. He toyed with their lives; he decided if they could continue on living for another day, or he could slaughter them all in an instant with a simple flick of his wand.

And the path littered with bones had led him to this hour, the climax of his life, the apex of his might. On this day he would slay his sworn enemy. He would kill the heir to the light, the child of the sun, the cursed one with the lightning-bolt scar, Harry Potter. And night would be by his side as Potter drew his last breath.

The windows in his dim study were all flung open to illuminate the room with darkness. Only his glittering, frigid gray eyes and the gleam of his silver-blond hair brought in light. The latter was quickly extinguished when he drew the hood of his pitch-black cloak over his head. His entire body was shrouded in black, like a corpse in the morgue. It was time. Softly, he muttered a few words, and disappeared into the night.

In mere moments--that was the beauty of Apparation--he arrived in Godric's Hollow, his destination. Brittle leaves crinkled under his feet as he headed quickly, purposefully, toward the glowing lights of a small cottage. The warm golden light radiating from the windows of Potter's home reflected against the Dark wizard's eyes and created the ominous illusion that they were ablaze. An observer would have noted with shock that the scene was reminiscent of a night years and years ago, when two people became martyrs in the fight against the Dark and Lord Voldemort's power was shattered by a baby boy.

Hatred seeped through the veins of the Dark wizard. The boy who lived would no longer. He would succeed where his predecessor--no, his inferior--had failed. Now the oak wooden door of Potter's home loomed before him, the last thing that stood in the way of fulfilling his goal. In one swift movement he swirled his cloak over his shoulder, sending it aflight, and shot out an arm to the door with palm facing outward. "Burn." Violet flames danced out from his hand and ate through the dry wood like a creature possessed, giving him the pleasure of seeing the door incinerate before it shattered into a shower of tiny splinters.

Framed in the skeleton doorway was Potter. The flames around him lapped at his robe but came no further, as if he had some power greater than nature's tool of destruction. Even the gently falling cinders seemed to split in midair, made to fall beside him rather than on him, noted the Dark wizard with displeasure. Potter's lightning-bolt scar stood out against the darkness of night. "Draco," he said softly, even--could it be?--calmly. If he was afraid, his expression did not reveal it. Slowly, he stepped back from the door as if to let the Dark wizard in.

The infuriated Dark wizard flung out his hand and grabbed Potter by the front of his robe. "How dare you," he whispered dangerously, "how dare you presume to speak to me as if we were _friends_." The last word was hissed with the utmost disdain from his mouth. "I've come to kill you." Potter's face was still composed and perhaps even compassionate.

"Why are we not?" he asked seriously. "Why were we never friends?"

"Ah, is this some plea for me to spare your pitiful life, trying to play on my--ha!--my old comradeship with you?" cackled the Dark wizard. "How amusing! Your memory must be fading, Potter. We were never friends. We will never be friends." He cried a shrill peal of laughter. "Or are you attempting to play on what you so presumptuously assume is my sad, lonely life?" The Dark wizard stepped away from Potter and spread out his hands in a wide circle, looking about him to the ceiling, as if he was speaking to not his enemy but instead a Coliseum at the height of ancient Rome's glory bursting with people. He thrust his arms up into the air. "I have a

legion of Dark angels by my side. Their thumbs are pointed downward. They're crying for your blood."

Potter shook his head sadly. "You've gone mad with power."

"Yes, power!" raved the Dark wizard triumphantly. "Power! Power is what makes this very earth go 'round, Potter. You hate me because I have the power of Darkness. You think I'm evil because I don't hesitate to use it. You know you, too, could have this power, but you're too noble to even consider doing such a thing. 'Too much power,' you declare loudly to anyone who'll listen to your holier-than-thou voice. 'Power drove him mad. No one should have that kind of power.'" He leaned in close to Potter.

"And what of you? The blessed Potter. Savior of the wizarding world. Defender of the filthy Mudbloods. Wonderful hero," laughed the Dark wizard with a mordant tone in his voice. "What is all this--this admiration? This worshipful behavior? Power, Potter. Power over others. Power's driven you mad. You think you're invincible. No one can hurt almighty Potter, the boy who lived! But I can. I am greater than Voldemort. You will not live to see another sunrise."

"Why must we fight? Why do you consider yourself my enemy?" pleaded Potter.

The Dark wizard hung back his head and howled. "I am the Dark, you are the Light! It's been our destiny to fight since our births! Don't you see, our entire lives have been just the prelude to this moment! Now, fight me...or, are you afraid?"

"Perhaps you think we should fight, but I don't. There can't be any more bloodshed."

"The only blood shed tonight will be yours, Potter." Like a hungry vulture waiting to feed on its prey, the Dark wizard circled Potter. "Don't you want to avenge your friends' deaths?" he taunted. "Granger and Weasley are lying in the ground because of me. They want you to kill me."

"Hermione and Ron weren't your Dark angels, Draco. They wouldn't want you to die. They fought to end this pointless war." Potter held out an open hand to the Dark wizard. "Just give me your wand, and this all can end. I promise I won't hurt you."

"Don't patronize me!" roared the Dark wizard, shoving away Potter's outstretched hand. "Fine, if you are too cowardly to have revenge, join Weasley and Granger in eternity!" He shouted an incantation and his enemy was enveloped in more violet flames.

Instead of being consumed by the blazing fire, Potter stepped out casually, without so much as a scorched hem. "You'll have to try harder than that."

"What?" yelled the Dark wizard. "How did you--why didn't that kill you?" His eyes were wild and confused. "There's no way you could dodge that!"

Potter slowly lifted his arms to the ceiling in a gesture of surrender. "Try again, Draco."

"Damn you!" he bellowed. From his mouth came another hiss, causing a torrent of emerald lightning to rise and strike all around his arch-rival--destroying everything but the target. "How can this be?" Now a volley of dagger-sharp icicles fell from the ceiling and formed a perfect circle surrounding the still-intact Potter. The Dark wizard watched, bewildered, as Potter brushed a stray shard of ice from his otherwise immaculate robe. "Those are my strongest spells! They should have killed you easily! It's worked every time before! I know I'm powerful enough--this is my destiny!" He buried his head in his hands, then looked up spitefully. "Why won't you die? WHY WON'T YOU DIE?!"

"I've been able to dodge those spells for a long time," said Potter calmly. "Perhaps you aren't as powerful as you think."

"No...." The Dark wizard blinked. "This is my fate...the night is my protector...she will give me power...."

"Look outside," stated Potter simply. Pivoting around to glance out the window, the Dark wizard witnessed the first rays of sunlight vanquishing the night. He let out a pitiful moan as he felt depression and weakness flood his body. Potter again stretched out his hand. "Your power is gone. Just give me your wand, and everything will be fine."

"No! Nothing will ever be fine!" He lunged at Potter and violently beat him, slamming his fists against his face again and again until tears blurred his vision and the Dark wizard slumped to the ground, defeated.

Potter's face revealed only a slight hint of the abuse he had taken. Gingerly he tried to help the Dark wizard to his feet, but he would not budge. So instead he knelt down and looked into his broken gray eyes.

"I'm such a failure...this was my destiny. Like you were destined to defeat Lord Voldemort, I was destined to defeat you...at least that's what my father's always told me." The Dark wizard laughed bitterly. "I've known it--heard it--all my life. I killed so many people. I thought I was ready. But...I couldn't even scratch you!" His head fell limply to his chest.

Giving the fallen wizard a sympathetic look, Potter said, "Your destiny isn't something you're fated to, it's your decision. It's not too late to turn from the Dark. Give me your wand, and the nightmare will end."

"My hands are too stained with blood...the blood of so many innocents...." He rose his head to peer questioningly into Potter's kind green eyes. "How can you do this after I--after I killed Hermione and Ron? Why don't you want to kill me?"

"There's been enough death already. If this is ever going to end, we have to make peace. I know you have good in you, Draco. Drop your wand, and I swear on my life I won't let the dementors near you," said Potter solemnly.

"But don't you see, it doesn't matter if the dementors kiss me!" moaned the Dark wizard hoarsely. "Because, because, I don't have a soul anymore....!"

Potter gently tilted up the weeping wizard's head, pushing the dark black hood of his cloak back to reveal silver-blond hair that shone like the sun. "Even the night glitters with the light of the moon and stars. You do have a kind soul. Just drop the wand."

The Dark wizard despairingly turned his head to the window. His comforter, night, had been completely conquered by the rising sun. Strange light bathed him in warmth. How odd...he felt himself longing for more.

"It's a new day, Draco. You can start a new life. Just drop the wand."

His fingers let the wand slip to the floor, where it clattered once and fell still.

"Good. Now take my hand." Potter's palm was once again outstretched. "Let me help you."

The red-orange sun drove all darkness from the small house.

"Draco, you have good in your heart. I know it. Take my hand."

Night had abandoned the Dark wizard once and for all.

"You control your own destiny. You don't have to hide in the dark anymore."

Even his soul, dark as night, shone with the light of the moon and the stars....

"Come into the light."

Draco took Harry's hand.

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>Any references to religion (i.e. "blessed Potter,") were only meant as symbolism or sarcasm, they weren't meant to offend. Anyway, I'm eagerly awaiting any comments, so just type them up in the little white box below, that's what it's there for. Thanks.<hr>

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